

The Teddy Letters From Africa

Edited by E. W. Kemble

In Camp on the Ragtime River.

Of all the changeable climates on the face of the map, this yanks the pastry. A dense fog will suddenly rise from your wash basin while you are going through your morning ablutions, and unless you hold fast to the towel rack you are liable to wander off, and when the sun comes out, find yourself some eight or ten miles from camp.

I tried bathing in the river yesterday morning, but have concluded that it is unsafe—I walked out quite a distance from the shore on some huge boulders and seated myself on a log—I had hardly begun to wash when the fog rolled over and opened its mouth. I leaped for a boulder, when it rose up and opened its mouth—so did all the others. It was deeply unpleasant, and queered me for a time. There was nothing else to

do so I came back the other way. I am going to write an article on "How to tell the rocks from the hippopotami." This mammal is the most docile of all the African fungi. It grows in the water almost entirely, only coming on the land at intervals so that it can go back into the water. It lives solely on watermelon, watercress, ice-water and watered silk, and is referred to by the corporation coons as watered stock. It has an open face Waterbury movement while eating. It comes to the surface once in eight weeks to get fresh air. It doesn't have to think, so that it seldom is troubled with water on the brain. ou see, I am learning the habits of the flora. . . . I mean fauna—from my own observations. These Schmidt-selman fellows do not study the wild life as I do, and it does not make good reading—No nature fak-

ing for me. I want facts. I secured a fine specimen for the museum, and the way I secured him was quite remarkable. I spotted the particular one I wanted, I pelted him with 72 Martini putty blowers, I pelted him for all I was worth. This aroused him to a state of activity. Thinking his tormentor was in the water, he broke for the shore. I had him at my mercy, so I approached him. "Do you know who I am?" I bawled. His lip quivered and tears came to his eyes—he gazed at me for fully five minutes before he showed the first sign of recognition—then he smiled. As long as I live I will never forget that smile—it began just underneath his right ear, ran down the side of his cheek over his right shoulder, curving off to his right flank, came up the middle of his back, lit on his left jaw and pried open a section of his mushy masticator, then raised the upper section of his countenance and the lid was off—and there embrodered in early English letters on his tonsils I read—WELCOMETR

—did he know me? I tell you such touching scenes as these cause me to brush away many a tear. I did not shoot him. I had not the heart to—already he follows me around and purrs with joy if I but look at him, and last night as I was seated by the camp fire he curled himself up in my lap and went to sleep.

We replenished our water bottles today with fresh, pure liquid from a mineral spring. I put the stoppers in and had a perfectly corking time. Penult is snapping everything that comes along, and has hit upon a novel idea. He has strapped one camera to his back so that when he is pursued by some vicious brute he can take repeated shots at him, simply pressing the bulb as he extends himself over the void. You are liable to spoil a plate if you wait until the charging rhino gets his corrugated spike within smelling distance of your scenter.

Today I had my first encounter with an elephant, a monster such as I never imagined inhabited the earth's surface. I can safely say, now that there are no reporters within hearing distance, that he measured from the baggage cheque on the tip of his trunk to the extreme southwestern portion of his superfluous spinal attachment seventy-four feet (elephant's feet, mind you) and his circumference bordering on the vicinity of his corsage was at least seventy-eight and three-fifths of an English ell. (Being an English ell I suppose the H is dropped.)

Let me tell you all about it. I was pounding out words just before dawn on my combination hand and foot typewriter when my gun bearer came sprinting through the tall grass and shouted "Mombagoola, swazi zorn boola." I, of course, had expected that



Such touching scenes as these.

such must be the case—but I finished three hundred and sixty words before I prepared for the worst. I started on all fours, thinking I could make better time, but I found it too slow—I changed and resolved to become an upright man. My gun bearers, I must speak of them before I describe the terrible ordeal through which I had to go. Lumbago carries my number 600 express rifle; this is for large game only and shoots a cordite (I'm not stringing you) bullet as large as a middle-aged Edam cheese. Pepsin, my Gum Arabic boy, carries my number 30. This is for garden snails and other brands of sea food. We started in single file through the tall grass. Now and then we caught a scent, but soon dropped it as we found it was either plugged or had a hole in it. Breathless and noiseless, we crept toward the spot where Lumbago had seen the brute. I climbed upon the backs of my followers and peeled my eyes on a rising young hillock some

two hundred yards away. I discerned our quarry, he stood motionless, as if made of stone. . . . Here I go again. . . . I stony as we worked our way into the open the huge beast caught sight of us and, raising himself to his full height, opened the upper half of his face and burst into a series of convulsive guffaws, all the while pointing directly at me with the thumb end of his trunk. I asked Pepsin if it was usual for elephants to laugh at hunters of note, and he said that he had never heard of it before. However, I challenged him with my number 30, but this seemed only to make him laugh the more as he beckoned me to come nearer. I took my 600 express from Lumbago and now prepared to give him his death blow, but before I could get the gun to my shoulder, the brute charged me—grabbing me with his trunk he threw me in the air. I landed on his ivory; into the air I flew again, and as I came down he pinned me to the earth with his mighty

tusks. His hot breath smote my nostrils as he fairly yelled at me: "So you've come down here to shoot big game, have you? You make me laugh. Don't you know that the bullets you're using were all made by the Steel Trust, and don't you know they're all stuffed with mush instead of bullets? They put up a job on you and you've had to come all the way to Africa to get wise—you're an easy one, Theo. Now, you know, I could step on you just once and make you look like a raspberry tart, but I won't. I want you to go back with some sort of a record. I'll sell you my hide for a good government job somewhere in America." And before I could reply he peeled from head to foot and stood before me adorned in a close fitting union suit of baby pink. "You may think I'm working a skin game on you, but I mean what I say." "Beast!" I fairly screeched at him—"What, do you mean making such a proposal to me? Don't you know I'm out of politics, and I

couldn't even get you a job as a second-hand stamp lick in a third-rate postoffice." "But," he pleaded, "you're right next to dear old Bill Taft, couldn't he give me something to do at the White House, sprinkling the lawn or caddy on the golf links? We'd look well together, I'm the real simon pure article. Theo, I am, and if you don't believe it, look here"—and as he spread his huge fore legs apart and flung out his massive chest, I saw stamped in big letters across the front, G. O. P. I arose from the ground and on his assurance that he would not molest me I picked up my rifle and started to go, but he halted me. "Old pal, I've saved your life. What I said about the bullets was all rot—they're perfectly good, it is not the bullets, it's you—you're a bum shot. You couldn't get me a government job because there was too much of the skin about me—it's only a small request and I want you to grant it before we part—make me an honorary member of the Ananias club."



He threw me into the air.

Suggestive Questions on the Sunday School Lesson by Rev. Dr. Linscott

Copyright, 1908, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D. D.

June 13, 1909.

Heroes of Faith.—Heb. xi:1-40.

Golden Text.—Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. xi:1.

If a desirable thing is possessed by faith, does that give as much, or similar, satisfaction, as the possession of the thing itself?

What is the ground of our faith, that "the worlds were framed by the word of God"?

Why do we admire the men of faith of past years?

Verses 4, 5.—Abel had a truly religious nature; now was this nature the result of his faith, or was his faith the result of his nature?

Does this record mean that Enoch's translation was directly caused by a specific act of faith, or that his general life

of faith made him such a good man that God translated him without death?

Verse 6.—Faith is sometimes based upon outward evidence; sometimes upon intuition, and sometimes upon composite grounds. What moral or spiritual qualities, therefore, are necessary for becoming a man of faith? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Why is faith necessary in order to please God?

Verse 7.—What was Noah's faith based upon and wherein was his faith meritorious?

Verses 8-12.—What was the difference, if any, between Abraham's faith and that of the Pilgrim fathers, when they left the old country for the American land of promise?

I take it that Abraham, and the Philistine fathers, while in communion with God, felt a drawing to go to the rich country in the distance about which they

had heard; that they took this drawing to be the voice of God, and in this faith they started out. What evidence is there that their faith was true and that such faith is always dependable?

Verses 13-16.—Why is it that all nations and peoples, in all time, so far as we have any record, believe in and desire a better country, that is an heavenly one?

Verses 17-19.—Give from memory the account of Abraham offering up his son Isaac.

What is the particular virtue in Abraham obeying God in the matter of offering up Isaac?

Would it be a virtue or a vice in these days if any man should do the same thing as Abraham did?

Verses 20-22.—Suppose the persons mentioned in these wonderful verses—Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses and Rahab—had been lacking faith in God, in these critical moments of their lives, what would have been the difference in the results?

Does faith in God always make the present happy and picture in glowing colors the future?

Verses 32-40.—Have men distinguished for their faith always been noted for their goodness?

This is a thrilling account of the exploits of the men of faith; give me an account of the achievements of men noted for their lack of faith.

Lesson for Sunday, June 20, 1899.—Review.

A.-Y.-P. EXPOSITION RATES

Via Oregon Short Line R. R.

\$39.00 from Salt Lake to Seattle and return; on sale daily, commencing June 1. Ask agents for further particulars. City ticket office, 261 Main street.

Tuesday evening at 8:15 the next lesson will be given at The Herald Cooking School, Unity hall, 138 S. Second East.

In the Picnic Sandwich you want firm, good bread. Holes were made for doughnuts.

USE
**HUSLER'S
FLOUR**

REMODELING SALE!

The Greatest Sale Ever Offered in the history of furniture, will start MONDAY, JUNE 14th, at

51 to 57 East First South

MADSEN'S

51 to 57 East First South

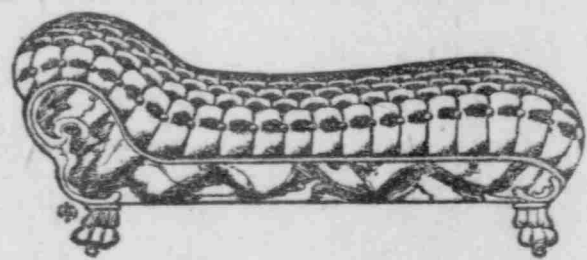
WE MUST EMPTY OUR FLOORS AT ONCE, IN ORDER TO ERECT OUR NEW BUILDING

This
Mission
3-piece
Parlor
Suite



has a mahogany frame and may be had in Verona, Velour, or Chase leather coverings. The springs are the finest manufactured. Any suit you select, regardless of price, will be delivered to you in perfect condition.

EVERYTHING MUST GO AT
33% to 50% Discount



Boston Leather Couch, like cut. Regular price \$28.00, at **14.75**

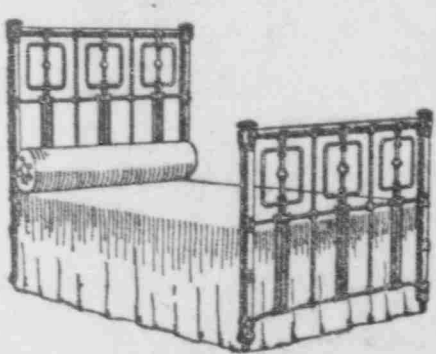
Study this couch and study the price, and then see if you can come anywhere near beating this combination. Nothing to approach it has ever been offered in this city.

Dining
Chairs,

Like cut,

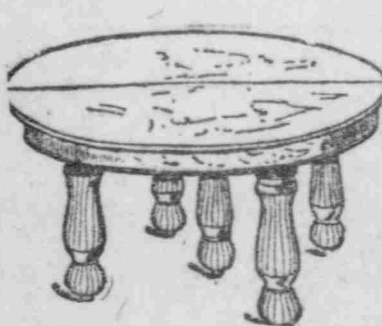
\$1³⁰

All others will sell
at
1/3 Off



\$60.00 Brass Beds, \$40.00
\$45.00 Brass Beds, \$30.00
\$30.00 Brass Beds, \$20.00
\$24.00 Iron Beds, \$16.00
\$21.00 Iron Beds, \$14.00
\$18.00 Iron Beds, \$12.00
Other Beds as low as \$2.95

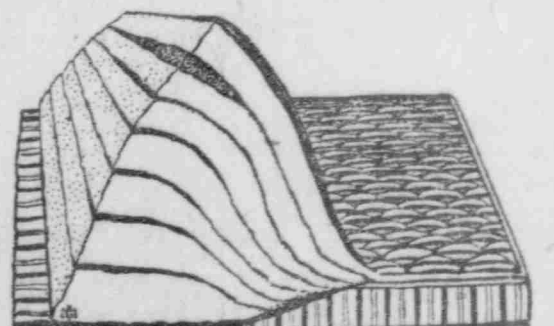
Extension
Table,
like cut,
\$10



\$18.00 Extension Tables.
\$12.00
\$25.00 Extension Tables.
\$18.00
\$40.00 Extension Tables.
\$28.00

Cotton Felt Mat-
tress, made exactly
as shown in cut,

\$6²⁵



50 PER CENT DISCOUNT ON ALL
LIBRARY AND PORCH FURNI-
TURE IN THE MISSION FINISH.

P. W. MADSEN
FURNITURE, CARPETS and STOVES

This sale means real bargains. You
will not be disappointed when you go
to Madsen's.